

104

Crosby side, June 22, '74.

Dear Wife:

No intelligence from home since Frank brought a line from you at Orange. There must, I conclude, be a letter from you or Fanny somewhere on the way, and possibly delayed by not having the right direction, "Crosby side, Lake George, N. Y." An answer can be sent to this in season; but after Wednesday, nothing can reach here before our departure for home on Friday afternoon, when we shall go to Glen's Falls and spend the night, and on Saturday morning take the train for Boston — a long ride — arriving at Rockledge at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening.

Having seen no newspapers since we left ~~Saratoga~~<sup>Saratoga</sup>, I am ignorant of all the events of the day. This afternoon there comes a mail to this place, and I shall be greatly disappointed if neither letter nor paper is received from Boston.

Here all is quietude and complete se-  
clusion from the world. There have been no  
arrival of sojourners or travellers, and we  
have the hotel (which will accommodate some  
200 persons) almost entirely to ourselves.  
Almost every room, however, is engaged for  
July and August; so that, just as we are  
leaving, the visitors will begin to swarm,  
and there will be no lack of social inter-  
course and festivity. But I prefer solitude  
to the crowd, only the weather has been a little  
too cool. Yesterday it was very pleasant,  
and this morning it is glorious. Saturday af-  
ternoon Frank rowed me in a boat some  
three miles (going and coming) to "tea is-  
land," making a delightful excursion. Then we  
called upon Mr. Wilson, the artist, who painted  
my portrait, as it hangs in our din-  
ing-room, more than twenty years ago. His  
house is half a mile from our hotel, and he  
resides here with his wife all the year round.  
He is one of my greatest admirers, and is  
always delighted to see me. His wife

has three sisters who live together in an ad-  
joining house, and they are all superior wo-  
men in intelligence, reformatory spirit,  
and dignity of deportment. In accordance  
with their invitation, we took tea with them  
last evening, and had several hours of ear-  
nest conversation on various topics, they  
probing me with all sorts of questions.  
Then, from 9 to 10 o'clock, we (Frank and  
I) took a boat, F. handling the oars skil-  
fully, — the new moon shining in a cloud-  
less sky. The temptation was great to  
remain floating till midnight, as there  
was no chilliness in the air and no  
dew. As soon as I finish this, Frank is  
to give me another row, at a much lon-  
ger distance to "Diamond Island." This  
afternoon we shall take the little steamer  
for a trip half the length of the lake —  
say 20 miles — getting back at sundown.  
It promises to be the finest day of the  
season. One is never tired of contempla-  
ting the lake and its surroundings.

I am feeling better to day than at any time since I left home, but do not gain any upon my rheumatism. I had no time to take a Turkish bath either in Brooklyn or New York, but will give it a trial when I get home. The latest remedy I have had recommended is Kervatine oil, well rubbed in. Frank is all right in body and in mind.

I learn from him that there is to a Woman Suffrage gathering at the Framingham Grove on the 4th of July, at which I shall try to be present to "help the cause along."

William need not send me any letter or newspaper later than by Wednesday evening's mail.

What do the grand children say of their missing grandpapa and uncle Frank? Lucy - whether Agnes has had her birthday party yet? I hope Charley is over his measles. W. L. E.